



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

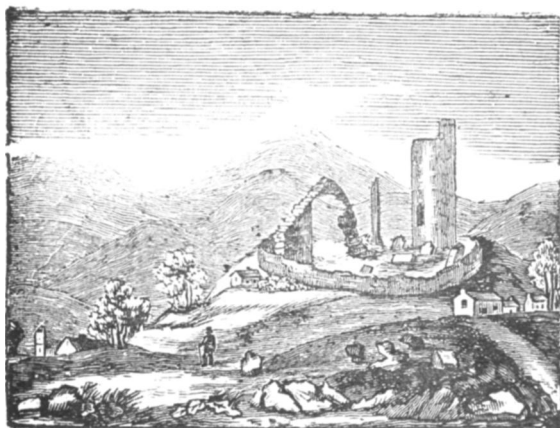
This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



OLD KILCULLEN, COUNTY OF KILDARE.

Kilcullen was anciently one of the boundaries of a district in Leinster, called *Caëlen*, comprising parts of the present counties of Kildare, Wicklow, and Carlow; being bounded on the east by the Wicklow mountains, on the south and west by the river Barrow, and on the north by the Liffey and part of the Bog of Allen. In the early ages it was called *Caëlen*, *Galon*, or *Coalan*, from its being almost one continued wood; and the name is still retained in Kilcullen, the subject of our present notice, corrupted from *Kil-Coalan*. It is from thence the noble family of Leinster take their motto, *Crom ill a Boe*, or, "a district on the crooked water," in allusion to the river Liffey.

Our wood cut gives a view of the hill of Old Kilcullen, surmounted by the church-yard and ruins, which comprise one of our ancient round towers, part of the old monastery, and many curious sculptured stones; the whole is enclosed by a circular wall, covering the summit of the hill. That part of the round tower now standing is about thirty-five feet high; the door is six feet from the ground, and the walls appear to be so durable, that many centuries may pass over,

"Ere hoary time, with ruthless hand,
Will rase them."

It is said that the upper part of this tower was thrown down by the rebels in 1798, who made use of it and the church-yard wall as a fortification.

The monastery was founded a little after the introduction of Christianity, for we read that Saint Isernin was appointed the first bishop of it: he died in 469. In 936, and again in 944, the building was plundered and burned, along with the town; and afterwards, in 1460, it was repaired, or, more probably, a new one founded, by Sir Rowland Eustace, of Harristown, many years Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The following very curious inquisition was held here in 1250, before five clergy and four laity. They found, "that father John came to Kilcullen with his two brethren, Sir Nicholas, the chaplain, and father Elias, with his cousin, Milsandra; that they lived there for eight weeks, at an expense to the prior of ten shillings; that Sir Nicholas, and Joan, father John's maid, were scandalized in the neighbourhood, to suppress which John squandered the prior's substance, to the full sum of eleven shillings. That John took away with him linen yarn to the value of five shillings, and half a stone of wool, value ten pence; also, that Sir Nicholas gave six fleeces of wool for a fat pig for his supper; that a bullock, value five shillings, was lost by neglect; that John lent a cart to carry a mill-stone, and gave a piece of iron, value two pence, endamaging the prior ten pence. Further, that on the feast of the purification of the Blessed Virgin, the said John, being moved by malice, did refuse to assist the parish priest in the church, by which two pounds of wax were wasted, value sixteen pence; and that the said Nicholas carried off with him divers articles, value twelve pence."

In 1319, Maurice Jakes built a bridge over the Liffey, and many of the inhabitants left old Kilcullen and went to reside there.

Towards the close of the year 1517, Lady Elizabeth Zouch, first wife of the unfortunate Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, was buried here near to Allison, mother to the Earl her husband. Many are the melancholy and affecting stories told of this exemplary woman's sufferings in her husband's cause. She had one, and only one, object around which her affections centered—it was her husband. Through all his persecutions she was constantly by his side, to cheer him in sorrow and to assist him in danger. She was followed to this, her last resting place, by the neighbouring chieftains and their clans; and yearly it was the custom to cover her tomb with flower-garlands.

In the church-yard, trodden under foot and much defaced, is a piece of ancient sculpture, of which we give a drawing.



It represents a knight in complete armour; it is stated that a female figure, similarly executed, was originally placed by its side, on a large table monument that stood in the chapel of the old building. The stone on which this figure is cut is six feet six inches long, and two feet five inches broad; it is broken across below the knees of the figure. Even at this day, the work has the appearance of being well finished, and the relief still strong. The knight has his head resting on a cushion; he wears a morion, with double cheek-plates, and on this there appears to have been a crest; the body, the thighs, and the arms, down to the elbows, are covered with mail armour: from the elbows to the hands are plate armlets, and his legs and feet are defended with pliable plate armour. He wears spurs, and under his feet is some kind of an animal, most likely a dog.

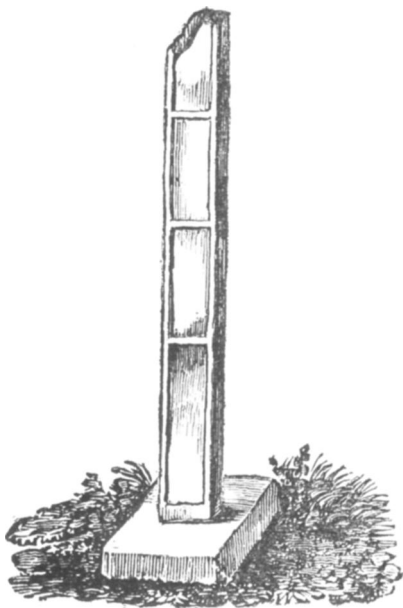
Some writers suppose this to be the statue of Sir Rowland Eustace, others that it belonged to the Earl of Kildare before alluded to; however, it is impossible to speak with any degree of certainty, but most probably it belonged to some of the Kildare family.

A little distance from the stone just described, stands another in an inclined position; it is four feet high by about

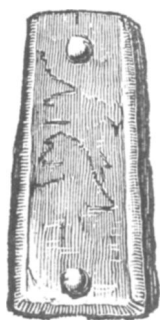
eighteen inches square, and is curiously divided into compartments on each of the four sides. Some of the figures are shown in the representation we give.



Further on, and not far from the walls of the old church, is another stone, nine feet in height, and something more than eighteen inches square. It stands perpendicular, one end being placed in a square hole of a corresponding size, cut out of a large stone; there were some characters that are now nearly obliterated.



Lying on a grave is a stone of the following form.



It is six feet long, and two feet two inches wide at one end, and one foot seven inches at the other. It is of the flag form, with a hole near each end, and is called by the

peasants the hole-stone, or holy-stone—they attribute to it many supernatural properties. This appears to be the most ancient stone in the church-yard, and is of that kind usually termed mountain granite, as are also the two preceding ones.

The hill on which those ruins are situated rises rather abruptly within about a mile of the south bank of the Liffey. This was also the site of the old town, which was very considerable: at the time Archdall wrote his *Monasticon* it had seven gates, one of which had an arch of ten feet span; nothing now remains but a few scattered cabins.

In 1798, when the rebels occupied this position, Captain Erskine, of the Ninth Dragoons, and Captain Cookes, of the Romneys, attempted to dislodge them; after a sharp engagement both officers were killed—the former was a man of distinguished bravery.

A short way from these ruins is to be seen the present parish church, and a little beyond it the seat of the late eccentric Sir Kildare Borrows, now the residence of Mr. Payne. ENNA.

JACK O' THE LANTERN.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakespeare*.

My uncle, kind, generous soul! was deeply imbued with superstition—was a firm believer in supernatural influences, a circulating library of legendary lore, and a living chronicle of all the compacts made with the "ould boy" from the days of "Docthor Foster" (Faustus) up to those of the Witch of Endor. He very rarely diverged into the light and amusing fictions of fairyism, for his genius, and, by consequence, his course of studies, were entirely of the German school, wild, dark, and horrific. The reader will be pleased to take notice, that I do not use the word *studies* in the vanity of showing that this dear and near relation was possessed of book-learning; on the contrary, I roundly assert, that his lore was not derived from books, for though, as I have heard himself assert, he mastered the horn-book at "ould Tim Casey's" hedge seminary, and spelled his weary way as far as the "Oliphant" (Elephant) through a three-penny primer at the age of fifteen, the dread of flagellation for an unfortunate boxing bout with a red-shinned fellow of seventeen, whom he forced to bite the dust, made him bid adieu to book-learning and Tim Casey before he could take the "Rhinoceros," and all his natural history, by the horn. I may observe, by way of parenthesis, that my revered uncle was celebrated in after life for his skill in the noble science of defence; and shall take this opportunity of testifying, that whatever share of dexterity I possess at handling the fist or cudgel, has been entirely owing to his fostering care. He had a sovereign contempt for the Newtonian philosophy; laughed to scorn the manner in which the learned account for a great deal of what is called natural phenomena; could show you with half an eye the man who was translated to the exalted sphere of the moon for stealing a bush from his gossip's fence, but totally denied the existence of any other living being in that planet; and could descry there none of the seas and mountains which all astronomers so easily perceive. In short, he declared it to be as dangerous to follow these lights of learning in their aerial voyages of discovery, as to pursue that misguiding traveller, Jack-o'-the-Lantern, in his devious excursion through the faithless mazes of an Irish shaking bog.

Whether it was that my uncle perceived me the inheritor of his own eccentric temper, or that he always found me the greedy devourer of all his tales of wonder, certain it is, that I was his special favourite; and he rarely took a nightly excursion to any neighbouring wake, shebeen-house, or card-party, without securing my company. Indeed, I improved so much under his auspices, that at fifteen very few of double my years could boast half my dexterity at spinning a tough yarn, handling a pack of cards, or throwing off a draught of poteen. But Truth, "my fair mistress," obliges me to confess, that I have forgotten a third of these accomplishments. Through long disuse, I can now hardly distinguish a *king* from a